



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS' CONCERT.—The second concert of Mr. Hopkins takes place on Thursday next, (Thanksgiving Day afternoon) at Steinway Hall at 3½ o'clock P.M. The programme is more interesting than that of his first concert last month, as he will be assisted by Miss Antonia Henne the young contralto who made so favorable an impression at one of Mr. Thomas' concerts lately, and Mr. H. Schimtz, by all odds the finest horn-player of the city. Mr. J. S. Cooper, the excellent baritone, will also assist. Our readers are referred to the amusement columns for details of amusement.

BATEMAN CONCERT COMPANY IN BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn gave splendid audience to the Bateman troupe on Monday evening, filling the cheerful space of the Academy some time before the stated hour for the beginning of the concert, every sitter in parquet and balcony paying the price of a secured seat. It was truly a house of opulence to the manager and an ambrosial concert night to the musical people of Brooklyn. Madame Parepa has had no more agreeable and decided success in the city over the water. It was to be regretted that the idiosyncratic illness of the petted Brignoli, deprived the programme of a pleasant feature; for Brignoli is an artist whose place merely as a melodist among singers is not to be supplied. There was a general smile and suppressed laughter in the audience when it was announced that Signor Brignoli, in consequence of a severe cold, was obliged to defer to the advice of a physician and stay at home; but all incredulity was set at rest by the assurances of Manager Bateman, who, on the text of a doctor's certificate, made an earnest plea on behalf of the disappointing tenor. The polite service of Signor Tamaro, a well-known and finished artist, in the part assigned to Brignoli, was even gratefully received, and the whole programme was accordingly well maintained.

The coin of praise has been so frequently showered at the feet of the reigning Concert Queen that the remark that she was again successful is all that we can say of Madame Parepa. A voice of such rich and voluble purity we have not heard in a concert room since our experience of some of the most memorable singers. It is a voice of marvelous ease and charm, and, like all the best voices, seems the most natural of musical phenomena and a melody in itself. A still greater audience and more ambitious outlay of power may be needed to test Parepa's qualities as an able and versatile singer. As it is, she reigns.

Italian concerts rarely aim to give us any feast of new ideality in the way of musical works. To say this is merely to say that they are Italian and fashionable. The programme of Monday evening was selected, and we heard less of Verdi than usual. Wallace's overture to the charming opera of "Maritana"—a work of which we hear only too little—was a novelty of entertainment deserving perhaps a more even performance. It is a work of many beauties, suggestive of more skill than the composer could put into a work limited by the standard of composition which makes the overture little better than a melange of the pretty tunes in an opera. We were glad, as all were, to hear the lively vigor of Ferranti in one of his happiest songs, the "Tarantella (Invito alla danza) of Tarenti," and can speak

with praise of so careful a singer as Signor Fortuna. Carl Rosa's "Souvenir of Haydn" is among the best performances of a meritorious, and, let us hope, a growing violinist. The most interesting music of the evening, apart from the voice of Parepa, were the two piano-forte compositions of Liszt's on the themes of Meyerbeer's "Africaine" and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." They were rendered by Mr. Mills with rare precision, delicacy, and versatility of play, and were warmly appreciated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MATTERS THEATRICAL.

Mr. Dillon has added but little to his reputation by his personation of "Macbeth," which was presented at the Broadway Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of the present week, his performance of the part being woefully staid and conventional, and full of unpleasant mannerisms at total variance with his usual style of acting. In addition to this, there is a great lack of uniformity in the whole performance, every speech being spoken as if it were a separate recitation, entirely distinct from the part, and the strong passages bellowed forth with a vehemence that grates hardly and harshly on the critical ear. Add to this, the Lady Macbeth of Miss Alice Gray, a more weak, tame, and milk-and-watery personation than which it would be impossible in the wildest flight of imagination to find a worse, and the revival of "Macbeth" may be set down as anything but a success. This evening Mr. Dillon is to appear as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice."

At Wallack's the "Poor Gentleman" was revived on Monday evening to a good house; the gems of the performance being Mr. Gilbert's Sir Robert Bramble and Mr. Holland's Humphrey Dobbin, two exquisitely droll personations after the manner of the real "old school."

The present is the last week of Mrs. Bowers at the Winter Garden, and she is announced to appear in "East Lynne," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Lady of Lyons." Next week we are to have Mr. Booth and the Italian Opera.

"The Long Strike" will strike its last strike at the Olympic this week, giving place to Mr. Stuart Robson, a clever burlesque actor of some note, who is announced to appear this evening in "Hamlet, or Wearing of the Black."

At Niblo's, owing to the *Herald* and the Rev. Mr. Smyth, the "Black Crook" is still enjoying a successful run, having danced itself into public form most gracefully. *Appropos* to the "Black Crook." I heard a very amusing story some few days since which has not found its way into the papers as yet, and which records such a clever repartee that I cannot refrain from reciting it here. During the course of Mr. Smyth's first sermon on the "Naked Truth," he remarked that he was pleased to notice at the performance of the "Black Crook," which he attended, that the audience was composed almost entirely of children, upon which a gentleman in the congregation in stentorian tones exclaimed: "And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

SHUGGE.

Mme. Carvalho will try Agatha's role in "Der Freischütz," at Le Lyrique.

ART MATTERS.

Continuing the notice of the Artist's Fund Society exhibition, and having reached the North Room, the first picture worthy of notice is,

"Objects of Art," by B. Des-Goffes. A fine picture in many respects, but marred by a curious appearance of waxiness which pervades all the "articles"; the color, however, is strong and brilliant, while the painting of the statuette and the bone handle of the dagger introduced into the picture is excellent.

"A Study," by Eastman Johnson. A sturdy country lad, who has been devouring the contents of the newspaper on his lap and is now sitting, Americanlike, with tilted chair and pipe in mouth, ruminating over what he has read. The picture is in Mr. Johnson's happiest vein, and the expression of the face is full of life and reality.

"Mrs. Alice Izard, formerly Alice Delaney," by Gainsborough. Another of the many old pictures which grace the Academy walls, but which, as I have before said, present but few points of interest to the modern critic.

"Foraging," by W. H. Beard. Sir Reynard on a foraging tour. The picture is full of humor, and moreover the natural humor which we always find in Mr. Beard's pictures; it is however weak and tame in color, resembling more a water than an oil painting.

"Landscape," by J. W. Casilear. A glimpse of woodland scenery which is perfectly delicious; the effect of sunlight coming through the trees and sparkling on the little brook in the foreground is exquisite, and carries one back to the wooded dells and murmuring streams that one was wont to linger amid during the pleasant summer season just past. Mr. Casilear has several pictures in the present exhibition, in all of which he seems to have outdone himself, there being a softness and delicacy about them all which is most admirable.

"Spring," by Haynes Merle. Merle's style is eminently pleasing there is a softness and tenderness of sentiment about all his pictures which renders them very attractive, while his painting of flesh and drapery leaves nothing to be desired.

"Early Autumn in the Adirondacks," by Alexander Lawrie. Mr. Lawrie is a close and, conscientious worker, his pictures all display infinite care and a laboriousness of detail for which he undoubtedly deserves credit; but then he is not a colorist, and all his care and patience cannot make his pictures aught but crude and unsatisfactory. Mr. Lawrie, I feel sure, is capable of much better things; he possesses the spirit and desire to improve, but like too many of our young artists, he devotes more time to the detail than to the general effect and coloring of his pictures. Now, in painting, two things are absolutely requisite—drawing and color—and, without the one, the other is futile. The school of art, of which Mr. Lawrie is a representative, discard this great principle almost entirely, and devoting their energies to drawing alone, give us pictures which, in color, are cold, crude, and altogether unsatisfactory and disagreeable. The picture in question is a good example of this style; as a portrait it is admirable; every tree, mountain and bush is drawn with care and a fidelity to nature, yet still